

Joons (the House July 4/4
CALEDONIA 174

A

P O E M

IN HONOUR of

SCOTLAND,

AND THE

PEOPLE of that NATION.

IN WHICH

The *Scandalous* and *Groundless Imputations* of COWARDICE, SAVAGENESS, and IMMORALITY; so much ascribed to the *Inhabitants* of that truly *Ancient* and *Heroic Kingdom*, are, with great Justice, confuted, and *retorted upon her False and Envious Accusers*.

And THEY proved

To be as Zealous, in Defence of the *Protestant Religion*, against the Attempts of the *Church of Rome*, as any other *Protestants* in the Three Kingdoms.

Whereby SCOTLAND

Is rescued out of the *Jaws of Slander*, the *Grave of her Character*, and the *Gulph of PREJUDICE*; in which all the GREAT and WARLIKE *Actions of her Nobility, Gentry, and Commonality* are too much buried.

Dedicated to the DUKE of ARGYLL.

FRIENDSHIP! *The rarest Plant that ever grew,*
Talk'd of by many, understood by few.

L O N D O N:

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(Price One Shilling.)

See after p. 48 for the
rest of this poem.

T O
His GRACE the
DUKE of ARGYLL.

May it please your GRACE,

AN Attempt to rescue that great and ancient Kingdom, *Scotland*, from the Malice and Ignorance of the partial and unjust Part of the World, is my Advocate to intreat your GRACE's Pardon for this Attempt and Presumption.

Scotland has had, and still continues to have, many a false Picture drawn of her, to fill the World with weak Banter and Clamours at they know not what. If I can shew her in a juster Light to the World than is generally endeavoured; if I can rescue her from the Malice and Ignorance of Men; they that don't like it will be angry, and your GRACE discerning the Imperfection, may think me
but

DEDICATION.

but an indifferent Painter; but I am confident you will pardon that, and approve of the Design and good Intent with which it was first attempted, as a Step for abler Hands in time to do that great and ancient Nation more Justice, of which *Scotland* is far from wanting a sufficient Number to perfect this *Embrio*.

If I may be so bold as to hope for your GRACE's kind Acceptance of this Work, which cannot fail of recommending it greatly, particularly to the *Scottish* Gentlemen, I am sufficiently paid for my Labour; and beg Leave to assure you, howsoever greatly I may be out-done in the Performance, none can boast a greater Veneration for *Scotland* than can,

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most obedient

and obliged humble Servant.

The EDITOR.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

*'T*IS not my Intention to make an Apology for the following Poem, some will think it needs no Excuse, and others will receive none. The Design, I am sure, is honest, but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies to himself of the other. For Impartiality is the Consequence of Wit and Justice; and on the contrary the Vices of Prejudice and Slander are the Consequences of Rogue and Fool; and every Man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary Side. There's as great a Treasury of Merits in the Northern Heights, as in the Southern Plains; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty, and Poetry, for the Prejudiced, the Factious, and the Blockheads.

But the longest Chapter in DEUTERONOMY has not Curses enough for any of those Sons of ENVY and INGRATITUDE, whose chief and greatest Delight is in slandering the Inhabitants of their Neighbour-Nation, whose RIGHT HAND they be. My Pleasure is, their manifest Prejudice to
my

THE PREFACE.

my Design, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own Reception in the World. For there is a Sweetness in good Verse which pleases even while it stings; and no Man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his Will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer, because it's never given unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy Terms: If I am so happy as to please the more moderate Sort, I shall be sure of an honest Party, and, in all Probability of the best Judges; for the least concerned must naturally be the least corrupt. If you like not this Poem, the Fault may possibly be in the Writing, (though 'tis hard for a Man to judge against himself) but more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the TRUTH of it.



C A L E-



CALEDONIA:

A

P O E M.

I N

Honour of SCOTLAND.

P A R T I.



N Northern Heights, where Nature
 seldom smiles,
 Embrac'd with Seas, and *butt'rest* *round
 with Isles,
 Where lofty Shoars † regard th' adjacent
Pole,

Where Winds incessant blow, and Waves incessant roll;

* All the Western and Northern Parts of *Scotland*, are fenc'd with small Islands, which not only break off the Force of the *Atlantick Ocean*, but make excellent Harbours for Shipping, and Conveniencies for Trade.

† The Shoars to the North of *Scotland*, may be said to regard the *adjacent Pole*, either because it lies directly open to the great Northern Ocean, which no Sailor could ever yet find the Extent of; or because it sees that Pole elevated to a great Height.

Where

Where Tyrant * Cold in Glacy Ocean reigns,
 And all the Habitable World disdains,
 Defies the distant Influence of the Sun,
 And † shines in Ice. —————

First ‡ youngest Sister to the Frozen Zone,
 Batter'd by Parent Nature's constant Frown.
 Adapt to Hardships, and cut out for Toil;
 The best worst Climate, and the worst best Soil.
 A rough, unhewn, uncultivated Spot,
 Of old so fam'd, and so of late forgot:
 NEGLECTED SCOTLAND shews her awful Brow,
 Not always quite so near to Heaven as now.

Circled with dreadful Cliffs and barb'rous Shoars,
 Where the strong Surff with high impetuous Roars,
 Invades the Rocks, and these their Rage disdain,
 And with redoubling Noise they're hurry'd home again;
 The hollow Caverns Mutual Roars return,
 And Baffled Neptune || raging makes the Ocean burn.

The furious Elements in vain contend,
 Unmov'd the mighty natural Breast-works stand.
 Their awful Heights in threat'ning Grandeur shine,
 Emblems of mightier Hearts of Stone within.
 Tb' instructing Rocks, Invincible and Strong,
 Describe the Race that to these Rocks belong,

* I call that continual Cold in the frozen Seas here, *Tyrant Cold*, because he reigns uncontroll'd by the Accession of any Heat from the Sun.

† *Shines in Ice*. The Ice and Snow always give a kind of Light, tho' faint and melancholy.

‡ *Youngest Sister*. Because the North Capes, and the Coast of Greenland seem to be of the same Family, but advanc'd farther North. First youngest, a Licence taken to express Scotland the first of the habitable, or at least sociable Parts of the World, so far North.

|| The Raging of the Sea will often resemble Fire, and seem to burn in the Night, especially on a Southerly Wind.

And

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 11

And bid the quick retreating Waves declare,
And warn the World *against a Northern War.*
Tell them the Hopes of Conquest must be vain,
When *Hands of Steel*, shall *Rocks of Flint* maintain.

* These are *th'* eternal Bounds of Providence,
The *Ocean's Bridle*, and the *Land's Defence.*
The *Warts* and *Wrinkles* plac'd on *Nature's Brow*,
That her Maternal Care and Conduct show.
The meanest Parts of Nature *have their Use*,
And some to Terror, some to Strength conduce :
Nor is their Ornament at all the less ;
For Beauty's best describ'd by Usefulness.

Behind this rugged Front † *securely lies*
Blest Caledonia, and with Ease defies
Her *Northern*, or her *Southern* Enemies.
Fix'd by Decree, *Her Nature's not to fear*
Huge Navies *there*, or Icy Mountains *here.*
Here tow'ring Cliffs, and there the Beachy Shoal,
Defy the † *raging Monsters* of the Pole.

* The high Shoars could be in no Place more needful to place Bounds proportion'd to the furious and vast Northern Ocean that beats upon *Scotland*, from whence there is nothing but Water to the very frozen Zone of the North Pole. Those Rocks therefore are the *Land's Defence*, and the *Ocean's Bridle*, and consequently Beauties in their Kind, made so by the Necessity of them.

† The Situation of *Scotland*, is certainly her Defence, against either the Fury of the Ocean from the North, or of Invaders from the South ; the dangerous Coast being such, that no Fleets care to venture themselves long at Sea that way.

† By the *Monsters of the Pole*, may be understood the *Whales*, in former Times terrible to Mariners, as frequently oversetting the small Barks they sailed in ; or, since by the greater Skill in Navigation, that fear is at an End, it may be taken for the *monstrous floating Islands of Ice*, which by the Fury of the Winds, are driven about the Northern Seas, Southward.

There equally they * *Floating Worlds* defy,
 Bid them stand off *and live*, advance *and die*;
 The Hardy Wretch that sees the Hint too late,
 Fails not to find his Folly *in his Fate*.

Behind this Rugged Front securely lies
Old Caledonia, all the World's † Surprise.
 Her Native Beauty, and her Wealth conceal'd,
 Waits *the blest Hour*, when both shall be reveal'd.
 In Age, and fancy'd Poverty secure,
 And yet She's *ever Young*, and *never Poor*.

Here, labouring with the Injuries of Time,
 Inclement Air, inhospitable Clime,
 Foreign Invasions and intestine Wars;
 Yet all her Native Beauty still appears.

How have ‡ *we plac'd her* out of Nature's Eye,
 Where constant Colds *few Seeds* of Life supply?
 Where *Nature chill'd* some *Despicables* dwell,
Immur'd with Darkness, and ally'd to Hell §.
No moderate Blessings, *no Endowment share*,
 Nothing that's Pleasant *see*, nothing delightful *bear* :

* *Floating Worlds*. Navies and Fleets of Ships of War to assault that Country, and transport Armies to make Descents and Depredations on the Coast.

† The World's Surprise to find so fine a Country so Peopled, and so Inhabited behind such terrible Places, which, to the Seaward, promise nothing but desert, and abandon'd, uninhabited Places

‡ The scandalous Reproaches of Authors pretending to describe either her Climate, People, or Government have been intolerable, and have buried her Character with Noise and Slander; which being never yet defended in publick, or any Attempt made to clear up those Things to the World: Foreign Nations are too much possess'd with the Belief of what, when the Truth comes to be examined, appears mere Fiction and Falsity.

§ *Cleaveland*, in his Poem upon *Scotland*, has said a Thousand extravagant Things on these Heads,

But

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 13

But see the *Horrid* * *Bear* march round the Pole,
And feel her piercing Breath *congeal the Soul*.
Their Musick's *Whirl-wind*, and the shrill echoing
Roar
Of Frozen Seas on the Deserted Shoar.

Legends of Fables fill our partial Heads,
Of Lands where Grass ne'er grows, or *Mortal treads* ;
Where Keenest Winds and Storms incessant blow
On Mountains cover'd with *Eternal Snow* ;
Where Nature never blooms, and Sun ne'er shines,
But Cold with Cold, and Frost with Frost combines,
† Inhospitable Clime.—————

What Country's this? And whither are we gone?
Bright *Caledonia* where will Fable run?
Suffer th' impartial Pen to range thy Shoar,
And do thee † Justice, Nature asks no more.

Fitted for Commerce, and cut out for Trade ;
The Seas the Land, the Land the Seas invade.
The promontory Cliffs, with Heights emboss'd,
And large deep Bays adorn thy dang'rous Coast ;
Alternately the Pilot's true Relief,
These warn at Distance, those receive him safe ;
The deep indented Harbours then invite,
First Court by Day, and then secure at Night ;
The wearied Sailors safe and true Recess,
A full amends for wild tempestuous Seas.

* By the *Horrid Bear* is to be understood, the Constellation so call'd, which *Scotland*, being so far North, easily sees in its whole circular Motion round the Pole.

† This is, as suggested by foreign Authors, in open Injury of *Scotland*, and one of the principal Reasons of this Poem.

‡ 'Tis presum'd this Part will clear the Author from a Charge of Flattery, he designing to say nothing in this Poem, but what Justice, and the Nature of Things require.

Nature,

Nature, that well *fore-knows* a Nation's Fate,
 Thus fitted *Caledoniā* to be great.
 Her * *various Aspects* the Design explain,
 And † *Circumstances* shall resist in vain.
 Subject no more to ev'ry cross Event,
 She shall be *Great* and *Rich*, as Nature meant.

View next her Seas, from antient Terrors nam'd,
 For *Bugbear* Storms, by *Bugbear* Sailors fam'd.
 ‡ *Phœnician* Sailors, wise in Ignorance,
 That dream'd of || *THULE*, yet afraid t' advance ;

Thy

* *Various Aspects*, representing the Situation of the Coast, or the Plan of the Country, which easily discovers, that *Scotland* is equally qualified for Trade with any Nation in the World ; whether we consider her Openness to all Parts of the trading World, or the Convenience of her Harbours, safe Roads, and Neighbourhood both to the *German* and *Atlantick* Oceans.

† Her unhappy *Circumstances*, with respect to the rest of *Britain*, have, without doubt, been the great Obstructions of her Prosperity, particularly as to Trade.

‡ The Ancients, in their sailing these Seas, were strangely surprized at two Things. 1. The Length of the Days, which they, being generally *Phœnicians* and South-Country Merchants, had not been used to : From whence some of them, more addicted to superstitious Observations than the rest, blindly imagined, that (since the farther they went Northward, the Days were the longer, and in some Parts hardly any Night) the *Elysium Shades* must needs be thereabouts, and that if they should go further, they should come at length to bright eternal Day. 2. They were surpriz'd, not with the Storms and Tempests only, but with the Tides and Currents, which were not only strange to 'em, but particularly terrible, in that they drove 'em in amongst the Rocks and Shoars, where they often perish'd, not from any real Danger, but for want of Judgment. From whence we have them often expressing themselves in this manner :

— And *BRITISH Seas*,
 Where Storms incessant blow,
 And Tides uncertain ebb and flow.

|| *Thule*, an Island in the North of *Scotland*, was frequently fabled among the Antients, to represent the *Elysium*, which could be for no other Reason, than the Length of Days.

Bright

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 15

Thy lengthen'd Sun with uncouth Joy survey,
 And vainly dream'd, it led to bright Eternal Day.
Unblest'd with Art, yet from *thy Ocean* fly,
 Afraid to live, because afraid to die.
 To them *thy Wealth* and *Stores* were unreveal'd,
 And all beyond thee happily conceal'd.
 Had they thy *Scaly Shoals of Blessings* known,
 They'd long since chose *thy Shoars*, and quite forgot
their own.

Thine had been *India*, and thy *Golden Seas*
 Had fill'd their Antick Songs. —————
 But Fear, *that Negative of Glory*, gave
 This Gift *appropriate* to a Race more brave.
 The frighted *South-taught Navigators* fly,
 And *mock'd with Fear*, their own Success destroy.
 Unpractis'd in their watry Wars, they shun
 Thy safer Coast, and at a Distance run.

Thy Seas, tho' vast, and in Extent unknown,
 In Wealth and Strength to Thee * subservient grown.
 Calm Tides, smooth Surface, and a shining Brow,
 And gentle Gales for Wealth and Commerce blow.
 These reconcile the once so dreadful Waste,
 And *Art* and *Industry* supply the rest.

† Hail Science, Nature's second Eye,
 Begot on Reason by Philosophy,
 Man's Telescope to all that's Deep and High;

}

Bright THULE far advanc'd in raging Seas.
Dierum spatia ultra nostri Orbis mensuram, & nox clara, & extrema
Britanniæ parte brevis, ut finem atque initium Lucis exiguo discrimine
internoscas ————— *Nec Solem occidere & exsurgere, sed transire*
adfirmant. Tacit. Vit. Agricolaë Cap. 12. Sect. 5.

* The Seas, indeed, in these Parts are subject to Storms, but
 nothing unusual, or uncommon with the rest of Britain.

† This is a Poetical Excursion upon the extraordinary Improve-
 ment and Perfection which the World has attain'd in the practical
 Part of Navigation.

What

What Infinites dost thou pursue!
 The *Tangled Skeins of Nature* how undo!
 Pierce all her darkest Clouds, *her Knots untye,*
 And leave her naked to the wand'ring Eye.

What *Gust of Knowledge* blew thee off to Sea?
A desperate Curiosity!

In Mountain-Waves, and raging Wind,
 Tell us, what could'st thou hope to find?
 'Tis answer'd, — These are Nature's Schools,
 To teach the Power of Art and Rules.

From hence what vast instructing Things *thou'st*
brought,
 Besides the *huge Remains* not yet found out.
 But of *all Knowledge*, this was sure the best,
 As 'tis the *Pole-star* to the rest.
How wing'd with Science, Men might trace
 The foaming Ocean's *roughest Face*;
 Plow the *vast Furrows* of th' amazing Deep,
 With *Ease* and *Safety* sail and sleep.

No more th' *uncertain Northern Tides* shall fright,
Familiar Dangers lessen to the Sight;
 The Rocks and Sands, the threat'ning Shoar,
 Pledges of certain Death before;
Now Roads and Harbours found *for Help* appear,
 And show the Follies of our ancient Fear;
 Under the *Weather Banks* we calmly ride,
 Danger and Safety they divide.
 Now they appear the Aids of Providence,
 The Sailor's Safety, and the Land's Defence.

Bold Science, whither wilt thou steer?
 See how the Tempests arm'd with Death appear;
 Read but the threat'ning Language of the Skies,
 How gathering Clouds, *with-Child* of Thunder rise;
 See

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 17

See Mountains heap'd, in strong Rebellion move,
See *Ossa* top'd with *Pelion*, threatening *Jove*;
See angry Nature rous'd to Civil War,
'Twas Prudence first taught Mankind how to fear;
Bold Science, whither wilt thou Steer!

Vain Caution! See the daring *Nymph* sets Sail,
What *Fear* calls Storm, *she* calls a welcome Gale;
On raging Waves, and Mountain Billows tost;
She sees with Joy her Poet, with Joy she quits the Coast;
The Wind's embrac'd with high expanded Wings,
The Sailors sleep and fly, *the Pilot sings*;
Sometimes he mounts so high, he turns his Ear,
And listens for the Musick of a Sphere;
Charm'd with the Symphony, he'll Confort keep,
And *Beat true Time*, tho' he reviews the Deep.

She's gone! new *Worlds* she seeks, new *Worlds*
she finds,
She rides on Tempests, and improves the Winds;
The *Elemental Terrors* she'll despise,
And *Bully Neptune* boldly she defies.
See how Mankind, by her Experience taught,
Has all to Rule and Method brought;
The * *practicable Seas* to Art submit,
And Wealth and Commerce freely circulate;
With steady Hand *th'* experienc'd Pilot steers,
And laughs in *Northern Waves*, at *Southern Fears*;
Defies the *two and thirty Hosts of Air*,
And sits compos'd i' th' Midst of Elemental War;
All unconcern'd at *Nature's Quarrels*, he,
To his own Use, applies their Enmity.

* *Practicable Seas*, made so by the Improvements of Navigation, and particularly the extraordinary Methods of building, as well as of managing great Ships, fitting them to bear the roughest Sea, and to sail to the remotest Parts of the World.

The *Furious Wind*, the *Water's Rage*,
 He wisely joyns to his just End, *the Voyage* ;
 In this he makes *their pointed Rage* agree,
 And forms *their Discord* into *Harmony*.

So jaring Parties in a State,
 By the *Wise Conduct* of the Crown,
 Are manag'd to support the *Magistrate*,
 And fix that Power they struggle to pull
 down.

Knowledge gives Courage, Science makes Men brave ;
 Folly drives headlong *to the Grave* :
 For Ignorance and Fear make Cowards run
 Into those *Dangers* they're afraid to shun.

Discretion only makes Men safe and bold,
 While Fears the Remedies withhold ;
 Fear holds the Gates of Reason fast,
 Shuts out its Help, and *so the Coxcomb's lost*.

The *Pilot* now, Consummate in his Skill,
Made safe by Nature, mounts the Wat'ry Hill ;
Thro' Paths untrod, and Mazes of the Deep,
 He Cuts *his Guided Course*, the rough, the steep,
Are all made smooth to him, he knows his Way,
 He neither fears the Night nor courts the Day :
Thro' all the Tempests Midnight Rage he flies,
 Visits the Bottoms now, *anon the Skies*.

When up to Heav'n he mounts, the *Cbearing Sun*
 Makes glad, and 'tis *the same* when darting down ;
 To all the dark Abyss *he shoots*, and sees
 The Hollow Deeps of *Nature's Nudities* ;
 Till his blest Port with *steady Hand* he finds,
 And thus to Art *he reconciles the Winds*.

Thus

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND* 78

Thus vanishes the Horrid and the Wild,
 And Nature's now with pleasant Eyes beheld;
 When Boreas, mad with Northern Vapours, raves,
 We smile, and with Contempt survey the Waves.
 Art reconciles the Elements, and Trade
 Can now with ease the Globes Extreame invade.
 Eternal circulating Commerce flows,
 And ev'ry Nation, every Nation knows.
 Torrid and Frigid scale, and joyn the Poles,
 And far as Wind can blow, or Water rolls,
 Ships sail; and Men in search of Wealth will trace
 All the Meanders of the Universe.

The rough, the smooth, to Men of Art submit;
 The Northern Winter Cold, or Southern Heat,
 With equal Safety, and with equal Ease,
 Calm Caspian Lakes, and Caledonian Seas.
 By Nature's Aid, and Arts concurring Law,
 Dangers are only Helps to draw.
 The Thirst of Honour Generous Minds bewitch,
 And Danger tempts the Brave, as Gold the Rich.

'Twas Courage first that ventur'd out to Sea,
 Young in Experience as Philosophy.
 Noah himself had certainly been drown'd,
 Had not his Courage, as his Faith, been found,

Hail Caledonia! By vast Seas embrac'd;
 Those Seas for Glory, Wealth, and Terror plac'd.
 Dreadful in Fame, to thee familiar grown,
 Suited to no Men's Temper like thy own.

The bounteous Ocean * fraught with Native Gold,
 Say'd it for thee; by its own Curse the Cold.

* Fraught with Native Gold, i. e. the Treasury of the Fish,
 which is Gold efficiently, because an immense Treasure is drawn
 from it by all those Nations that apply themselves to that Trade.

Had not the Storms and Tempests governed here,
 And fenced this *long bid Treasure* round with Fear,
 Past Ages had thy rifled Store decreas'd,
 And *Foreign Nations* all thy Wealth possess'd.
 Wealth that well suits a hardy Race, like thine,
 That dares thro' Storms and Death pursue the Mine.
 Wealth hid from Cowards, and the fainting Hand,
 Scared with the *Seas*, content to starve by *Land*.

But when thy daring Sons the *Waves* explore,
 The *Ocean* yields her * unexhausted Store ;
 Thy open Harbours all her Gifts divide,
 And *Seas of Wealth*, roll in with ev'ry Tide ;
 The *Golden Shoals*, thy very Nets pursue,
 Laugh at the lesser Treasures of *Peru* ;
 Prompt thee to change the Meanness of thy State.
 Bid thee, when e'er thou wilt, be rich and Great.

Tell us, ye Sons of Myst'ry, from what Hand,
 What † secret High Command
 Gives out the Word that's heard to *Nature's Deep*,
 Where all the scaly Tribes their Councils keep ;
 Who tells them when the very Month arrives ;
 And who the secret Order gives ?
 When from the Womb of Wonders far by *North*,
 The mighty slimy Hosts come forth ;

* Not our Experience only allows the Store to be unexhausted, in that the Quantity is every Year renewed ; but Authors tell us, that even in their daily Fishing in one and the same Place, when great quantities are taken up, yet those that remain, and may immediately be taken in the same place, seem not to be lessened. *Minorum ad littoria piscium tanta benignitate Dei Opt. Max. praeventus est, & quo major frumenti Caritas est, eo etiam uberor ; ut cum uno quovis die ingentem vim abstuleris, prostridie illius diei non minor eodem in loco appareat.* Hest. Beeth. Scot. Reg. Descriptio, p. 8.

† Secret high Command. The wonderful Original and Causes of the prodigious Quantity of Herrings which appear in their exact Seasons, Places and Quantities, upon all the Coasts of Scotland, is the Occasion of this Digression.

The

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 21

The num'rous Legions spread the Sea,
 The wond'ring frightened Waves give way ;
 Forward the mighty moving Hosts push on,
 All guided by a Hand unknown.
 Th' involuntary well-directed Fry,
 The *unknown Something*.readily obey.
 No Pilot can, with more Exactness, steer,
 Not Sun or Moon divide the Year ;
 Not the revolving Stars their Course obey,
 Not Darkness can succeed the Day,
 With a more punctual steady Pace,
 In Manner, Measure, Time and Place ;
 True to the very Distance of the Shoar,
 They're never, where they never were before :
 Where there's but few, there ever was but few,
 To ev'ry Circumstance so true.
 Such Courses steer, such Orders keep,
 Thro' all the wand'ring Mazes of the Deep ;
 As if the antient Paths they could descry,
 Or read their Father's History.

Then, *Caledonians*, lend an humble Ear,
 And your own † *ill-accepted Blessings* hear,
 From the profound unmeasur'd Deeps,
 Where *Nature* all her Wonders keeps :
 Her *Handmaid*, ‖ *Instinct*, this blest'd Message gave
 To all the *Wat'ry Crew*, beneath the *Wat'ry Cave*.

† *Ill-accepted*. It must be owned, *Scotland* has not given that full Welcome to this Gift of Heaven, the Fish that Nature and Providence seemed to expect from them, for whose Benefit, without doubt, they were appointed.

‖ *Instinct* is here represented, as delivering a Message in the watery Audience, and making a Speech to the Fish ; the Image, it's hoped is not improper, nor is the Liberty taken at all unpoetical ; so I make no Excuse for it, but think, that what we call *Instinct*, may serve to represent Nature in all the Creatures, obeying their Times and Seasons exactly, according to the great and just Law of Creation, and the Influence of invisible Providence.

Go numberless, and spread the Finny Sail,
 And find Britannia, Nature's Darling Isle;
 There spread your Scaly Squadrons, and submit,
 You Maker's Law commands, to every Net,
 Be you their Wealth, and plenteously supply
 What coldest Soil, and Sterile Climes deny.
 Be you their envy'd Blessing, and attend
 The willing Prey to the industrious Hand;
 In proper Squadrons all your Troops divide,
 And visit every Creek, with every Tide.
 Present yourselves to ev'ry Hungry Door,
 Employ the Diligent, and feed the Poor.
 If they reject the Bounties of the Sea,
 Bid 'em complain no more of Poverty.
 Upbraid their Sloth, and then return to me,
 * Visit no other Port.

The punctual well-instructed Fish obey,
 And Scaly Squadrons spread the Northern Sea;
 Directly point their Course, and find the Shoar,
 As if they'd all been here before.
 Their equal Distance keep, divide and join,
 As if they're taught by Book, or steer'd by Line.
 Their strong Detachments send to every Creek,
 In just Proportion their own Mischiefs seek.
 Seek out the Harbours, seek the indented Shoar,
 T'employ the Diligent, and feed the Poor.
 No other Port they visit.

Ah! Caledonia, mark the high Command,
 And mark the Caution of the Heav'nly Hand;
 If thou reject the Bounties of the Sea,
 No more complain of Poverty.

* Visit no other Port. It is plain they are not found in any considerable Quantity in any Seas but these; and 'tis supposed, they return to the Northward again, where the prodigious Breed must increase sufficiently to supply for the next Year's Voyage.

Hadst

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 23

Hadst thou, in early Time, with *Wisdom* grac'd
Heav'n's Bounty, as in Duty bound, embrac'd,
 Above the *Nations* thou had rais'd thy Head,
 At home their Envy, and abroad their Dread;
 Thy wealthy Clime would all the *World* invite,
 They'd court thee to *Unite*.

No more of barren Hills and Seas complain,
 Reproach the Land with *Blasts*, with *Storms* the Main.

Not all the Spicy Banks of * *Ganges* Stream,
 Not fruitful *Nile*, so oft the Poet's Dream.

Not † Isles of Pearl, not rich ‖ *Pacifick* Seas,

Not the more fruitful † *Caribbees*,

Not ‖‖ *Africk's* Wealth, or *Chilean* Stores,
 The *Silver* * *Mountains*, or the *Golden Shoars*,
 Could such an ‖† unexhausted Treasure boast,

A Treasure how supinely lost!

What

* *Ganges* and *Nilus*, one a River in *India*, the other in *Egypt*; the first famous for its rich Spices and Drugs, and the other for the prolifick Virtue of its Water, on the constant regular Overflowings whereof, the Fruitfulness of the Land depends. *Whence some tell us*, the seven Years Famine in that Country, in the Time of *Joseph*, was occasioned from the *Nile's* not overflowing its Banks during that Term.

† Islands so called, lying in the Gulph of *Mexico*, where the Pearl Fishing has been worth immense Sums to the *Spaniards*.

‖ The great Ocean on the west Side of *America*, vulgarly, tho' I think improperly, called, *The South Seas*.

† The *Caribbee* Islands, which is now improved by the *English*, are supposed to yield the greatest Produce of any Spot of Ground in the World of equal Extent.

‖‖ *Guinea* in *Africk*, and *Chili* in *America*, being the two principal Places which supply the World with Gold.

* *Silver Mountains* The Mountains of *Potosi*, in the Country of *Peru*, thought by some to be all Silver, but, without Question, is the richest of that Kind in the World. *Golden Shoars*. Meaning the Rivers of *Guinea*, in the Sands of which is taken up the Gold-Dust, as it is washed out of the Mountains by the Water.

‖† *Unexhausted Treasure*, *The Fishery*, and therefore very well proposed to match the Treasures before spoken of, not only in its Value,

What Pains has *Scotland* taken to be poor,
 That has the *Indies* at her Door;
 That lets her *coursest Fate* of Choice remain,
 And sees her Maker *bountiful in vain*.

When, *Caledonians*, when will you be wise.
 And search for *certain Wealth* in Native Seas?
 A Wealth by Heav'n design'd for *none but you*,
 A Wealth that does your very Hands pursue;
 Upbraids you with Neglect of your own Right,
 And courts *invading Neighbours in your Sight*.

When, *Caledonians*, when will you be wise?
 When from your *clouded Circumstances* rise?
 Banish Invaders, *Heav'n's own Gifts* enjoy,
 This would your native Poverty destroy.
 This would restore your antient dear-bought Name,
 This, *and your Valour*, would revive your Fame;
 How would your *Navies* quickly spread the *Seas*,
 And guard that *Wealth* they help you to possess?
 How would your Commerce *all your Sons* restore,
 And they'd *seek Home* that *shunn'd that Home before*?
 With *Wealth* and *People*, Happy, Rich and Free,
 You'd first *improve the Land*, and then *the Sea*;
 Be Strong, be Great, be Rich, be *Europe's* Fear,
 Their War, their Wealth, their Trade, their Honours
 share.

But *let's retreat*, who can the Scene survey,
 And view this Wealth the *neighbour Nation's* Prey?

Value, but in this Peculiar, *That 'tis never exhausted*. Nor is it at all the less for the prodigious Quantities that are or might be annually taken. Which some Authors have observed, That they were enough to subsist the whole Nation, if there were no other Provision. *Tanta Piscium est exundantia, cum ubique tum quo magis ad Septentrionem accedas, ut vel ii soli sufficere possint ad pastum Insulae totius.* Boeth. de Descript. Reg. Scot.

What

Part I. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 25

What Eye, that's *Caledonia's* Friend, can see
Her *Sons on Shoar*, and *Strangers spread the Sea*?
Who can, *with Patience*, view her People poor,
And *Mines of Wealth*, snatch'd up at ev'ry Door?
The Bounty Heav'n for their peculiar meant,
Reap'd by the Hands to whom 'twas never sent.
The *Ocean* plunder'd, * the *Advantage* fold,
While *these* enjoy the Tempests, *those* the Gold.

In hopes of *Peace*, let's land and range the Shoar,
And view the *Nation* that the *World* calls Poor.
Plenty's a doubtful Word, mistook by most,
A modern Term for Luxury and Waste.
So *Canaan flow'd*, the Lands in Plenty drown'd;
Yet *Egypt* did in vast Increase abound.
The *World's* amus'd with different Forms of Words,
When various Sence the various Thought affords.
Nature's by vast Comparisons explain'd,
And all her Contradictions so maintain'd.
So *Scotland's Barren, Fruitful, Poor and Rich*:
Speak Malice, *speaking Insulters*, tell us which.
Describe the Globe, run all the Climates o'er,
She's Poor compar'd to Rich, and Rich compar'd to Poor.

In Climates next, let's view her Northern Coast,
A fruitful Stile, *with Epithets* emboss'd,
The *Horrid, Boistrous, Barren*, and the *Cold*,
What fabl'd Monstrous Stories have been told!
Yet range the Globe, and her Extreame survey,
And sail from † *Magellan* to *Hudson's-Bay*;

* The *Dutch*, by their Industry and Craft, have made themselves almost Masters of that Fishery, they meeting with greater Encouragement than the Natives (Proprietors.)

† The two extreme Parts of *America*, and almost both uninhabitably Cold, and to which *Scotland* being compared, may be stiled a hot Climate; as compar'd to *Mexico* and *Peru*, she merits the Name of Cold.

*Ditto the Jest, and when the Truth's but told,
She's Cold compar'd to Hot, and Hot compar'd to Cold.*

Nor is there less of Injury appears
About her Mountains, or her Mountaineers.
View but the Savage * *Madagascar* Moors,
† *Campeche* Indians, or § *Circassian* Boors,
And when the Characters we shall compare,
A *Northern Highland-man's* a *Christian* there.
Polite his Manners, and his || *Modern Drefs*,
Is Beauty all, when match'd with *Uglinefs*.

* A most Savage People, that go Naked, live on Raw Flesh, and are the most Brutal of any People in the World.

† *Campeche* Indians, are some of them the most Barbarous and Inhuman of any of the *American* Race, among whom have been found absolute *Cannibals*, that devour one another.

§ The *Circassian* Boors, are a sort of *Tartars*, now under the Dominion of the Czar of *Muscovy*, very Cruel and Barbarous, and far worse than the most was ever pretended of the *Wild Irish*, or any sort of People in these Parts of the World.

|| I take the *Highland Plaid*, or Drefs of these *Highland Men*, to be the Remain of the Mantle of the antient *Goths*, and the same thing is apply'd to the same Uses by the *Moors* of *Africk*, since both People use it to cover them in the Night, and therefore make no Scruple to carry it by Day in the hottest Weather.



CALEDONIA:

PART II.



THE Plan's describ'd, the Seas and
 Shores survey'd ;
 Let's now the Treasures of the Land
 Invade ;
 Traverse their Hills, and all their
 Vales descry,
 And spread their just Description to the Eye ;
 The *Rugged Nation*, plac'd by Nature here,
 Shall in their *fancied Poverty* appear ;
 The World shall blush, when they their Picture see,
 And Fame grow *Proud to Print* their History.
 The Soil no more *unjust Reproach* shall bear,
 For all they talk of Barren's, *slander here*,
 And 'tis, or *may be*, fruitful every where.

A hardy Race, possess the stormy Strand,
 And share the moderate Bounties of the Land ;

Fitted by Nature for the *Boistrous Clime*,
 And larger Blessings will grow due by time.

The num'rous Off-spring, patient and sedate,
 With Courage, *special to the Climate*, wait.
 When *Niggard Nature* shall their *Nation* hear,
 Shall smile, and pay them all the vast Arrear.

A *Manly Surliness*, with Temper mix'd,
 Is on their meanest Countenances fix'd.
 An awful Frown fits on their threatening Brow,
 And yet the Soul's all smooth, and calm *below* ;
 Thinking in Temper, rather grave than gay,
 Fitted to govern, able to obey.
 Nor are their Spirits *very soon* inflam'd,
 And if provok'd, not *very soon* reclaim'd.
 Fierce when resolv'd, and fix'd as Bars of Brass,
 And Conquest *through their Blood* can only pass.

In spite of *Coward Cold*, the Race is Brave,
 In Action Daring, and in Council Grave ;
 Their haughty Souls in Danger always grow,
 No Man *durst lead 'em where they durst not go*.
 Sedate in Thought, and steady in Resolve ;
 Polite in Manners, and as Years revolve ;
 Always secure their largest Share of Fame,
 And by their Courage keep alive their Name.

The lab'ring Poor dejected and supprest,
 See not th' *approaching Prospect* * of their Rest.
Knowledge of Liberty's their only want,
 And Loss of Expectation's their Content.
 Too much subjected to immoderate Power,
 Their *Petty Tyrants* all their Pains devour.
 Th' extorting Masters their just Hopes restrain,
 And Diligence *is no where more in vain*.

* Alluding to an Act of Parliament pass in the last Sessions of the last Parliament, whereby the exorbitant Exactions of the Landlord to the Tenant, is greatly limited and supprest.

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 29

The * *Little Chiefs*, for what they call their due,
Eat up the *Farm*, and eat the *Farmer too* ;
Suck the Life-Blood, of Tenant and Estate,
And needless Poverty to both create.
Mistake their Int'rest, Nati'nal Ills procure,
And make the Poor be *very very Poor*.

Th' unhappy Drudge, yet bears the mighty Load,
With strange *unnat'ral Temperance* endow'd,
So servile, *so unus'd* to Liberty ;
He seems the last, that *wishes to be free*.
Prepost'rous Wonder!

Where will Nature run ?
That Men should *struggle* to be *twice Undone* !
Afflictions make Men stupid, Nature winks,
And *Sense o'erlaid*, he acts before he thinks ;
Subjected Nature fetter'd with Distress
Dozes, and Bondage does the Soul possess,
Endeavour Slackness, all the Prospects die,
And with the *Hope*, the *Love of Liberty*.

Yet under all the Hardships of their State,
They've something seems to claim a softer Fate ;
Nor does it claim alone, the grand Portent
Foretells the Blessing, and decrees th' Event.
'Tis plainly printed on the painful Brow,
They shall not *always* be suppress'd *as now* ;
Th' approaching Light at Distance dawns, the Ray
Darts a dim Earnest of the welcome Day.
When sleeping Bondage doom'd to *lasting Night*,
Shall help to make the *beaming Beam* more bright.

* *Little Chiefs*. The Author is here willing to suppose, that generally speaking, no Landlords, but such as are of small Estates, would thus disregard their own Interest, or continue the Oppressions of the Poor, their Necessities not permitting them to be more Generous.

Th'

Th' enlighten'd Crowd, shall their own Freedom see,
For willful Blindness only, shuts out Liberty.

Bondage is Ignorance, and he that sees,
 Needs no directer Cure for that Disease.
Knowledge and Liberty go Hand in Hand,
Fools only will obey, when Knaves command;
 The sordid Yoke, *no longer can be born,*
 When once he sees, *he must* the Grievance scorn.

He that in blind Dependence now submits,
 Will rouse *his Strength*, when he shall rouse *his Wits*;
Nature prevails, and Sense in Exercise,
 The Chains on Reason nat'rally unties.

Thus when *new Sight* shall once but bless the Poor,
 'Tis these will *Scotland's Liberty* restore;
 The strong Conviction, no Man can resist,
 And Blindness shall against her Will be blest.

And now, in all their Miseries, let's view,
 What Blessings they industriously pursue;
 What just Equivalent they can supply,
 For loss of Wealth, and loss of Liberty.

Th' *instructed Poor*, laborious and supprest,
 Yet in their very Miseries are bless'd;
 Crush'd with injurious Homage, they obey
 GOD and their Landlord, but with diff'rent Eye;
 And yet *to both* they pay without Regret,
To this the Homage, and to that the Debt.
 The *Negatives of Nature* they endure,
 In *Virtue rich*, tho' in Possessions *poor*;
 Knowing *in Sacreds*, in Religion nice,
 And ignorant *in nothing more* than Vice:
 What Crimes they have, *they borrow* from Mankind,
 Hell's Manufactures here *are contraband.*

Imported

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 31

Imported by the Help of *Foreign Trade*,
Clandestinely enjoy'd, clandestinely convey'd.

Unusual Judgment fills the *meaner Heads*,
Devotion follows, as *Instruction* leads.
Grave in Behaviour, in Discourse *sedate*,
And apter to *believe* than to *debate*;
And if they can exceed in doing well,
'Tis in a *little*, little TOO MUCH ZEAL.

In *Doctrine* sound, in *Discipline* severe,
The Church obtains her *true Dominion* here.
And yet *her soft Coercive* yield no Pow'r,
Either to persecute, or to devour.
Fiercely tenacious of determin'd Truth,
Dreadful to Error, vigilant of both.
The wild Opinions of a *Neighb'ring State*,
Find here no *Atom-Fancies* to create:
The strong fermented Venom hither brought,
Like *Irish Poisons*, perish in the Thought;
Here no *Enthusiastick Notion* grows.
The only Barrenness the Nation knows.

A *Mitred Jest* indeed, the Land perplex'd,
Of Pomp and Pride, and Policy so mix'd;
The *awkard Medley* left us in debate,
Whether it did proceed from Church or State;
Begot by *Power* and introduc'd by *Plot*,
With Tyranny *came in*, with Tyranny *went out*;
But ill agreeing with *preciser Air*,
It soon grew yellow, pale and sickly here.
The People wise, and in *Religion* nice,
Could not be gull'd with such a faint Device.
Some Blood *the Monster* drank, but when it try'd
To take a *Dose of Liberty*, IT DY'D.
But if their Civil State some Praise affords,
Much greater are the Trophies of their Swords.

Ages

Ages of Blood have brought them up to War,
 And their strong Legions breath in every Air :
 * They taught the very *Swedes* themselves to fight,
 And *spight of Dulness*, arm'd the † *Muscovite* ;
 The fordid *Russ*, to discipline they Train,
 And fain would teach the † *Poles*, *but that's in vain*.
 Th' untracted Brute, in Ignorance too Wise,
 Learn'd only how Experience to despise.
Nothing keeps Nature close in Goal like Pride,
 Squadrons of Page-like Crimes before her ride,
 And Ignorance is always next her Side.

Where shall we all their antient Glory trace,
 The forward Nations *court the very Race* ;
 Not *Europe* ventures to commence a War,
 But *Caledonian* Blood demands her Share,
 And if 'tis *bought or sold*, 'tis always very dear.

* At the Battle of *Leipsick*, the *Scots* were the first that were ever seen to fire with their Ranks clos'd forward, and their Pieces over one another's Shoulders, or, as we call it, *kneel, stoop, and stand* ; which was such a Surprize to the *Germans*, pouring in such a Quantity of Metal upon them together, that they could not stand it, which the King of *Sweden* own'd, was the great Occasion of the Victory, and practis'd it afterwards among all his Troops.

† The *Scots* Officers have all along been the Instructors of the *Muscovites* ; and if they are the worst Soldiers in *Europe*, it has not been for want of good Masters, but by being dull Scholars, tho' something may be ascribed to the Constitution of their Country, arming only the Boors, and not entertaining them as Soldiers, but demitting them after the Occasion, to their Employments again ; which Method the present Czar having alter'd, the *Russians* to *Europe's* Cost, are not unlikely to shew the World they have been very well taught.

‡ The Pride and Haughtiness of the *Pole*, has made him disdain to be instructed, and consequently their Foot (especially) are good for nothing in the Field.

Leipsick

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 33

* *Leipsick*—— a Name in Fame's Red-letter'd Roll,
Matchless in War, where from the frozen Pole,
† *Finland* sent Monsters, Strangers to the Sun,
Bred up to fight, by great *Gustave* led on ;
And yet by hardy † *naked Scots* out-done.

Voracious *Tilly*, just made drunk with Blood,
At || *Magdeburgh*, he rais'd the crimson Flood ;
Tho' gorg'd with Slaughter, yet a-thirst for more,
Approach'd, all *Europe* trembled at his Power.

In *Leipsick* Plains, the dreadful Scene begun,
On brighter Deeds, the Sun himself ne'er shone.
Tilly's first Fury broke the * *Saxon* Line,
And cry'd *Victoria*, all the Troops fall in,
With Blood and Terror glittering Eagles shine.

* Particularly famous for the great Battle between the *Imperialists* and the *Swedes*, the 3d of *September*, Anno 1630. and afterwards for being the Occasion of the great Battle at *Lutzen*, where the King of *Sweden* was slain, having made a long March to relieve this City, then besieg'd by the *Imperialists*: But coming too late, he attack'd their Army, and overthrew them, but lost his Life.

† The *Finland* Horse, in the *Swedish* Army, grew a Terror to the *Germans*, by their extraordinary Bravery and Discipline.

‡ The *Scots* at the Battle of *Leipsick*, were very ill cloathed, and had complain'd of it to their Officers, who had often promis'd them a Supply ; and being just entering into the Battle, Sir *John Hepburn*, who commanded them, pointing to the *Imperial* Army, jestingly told them, *Their Cloaths were come, Tilly had brought them on purpose for them, and if they would have them, they must fight for them.*

|| *Tilly* had just taken *Magdeburgh* by Storm, and in a terrible manner sacked and destroyed the Town, put seventeen thousand People to the Sword, Men, Women and Children, and afterwards burnt the whole City to Ashes, and made himself terrible to all the *Protestants* in *Europe*.

* The Duke of *Saxony's* Troops formed the Left of the *Swedish* Army, the King of *Sweden* having the Right : Upon the first Charge, the Right of the *Imperialists* broke the *Saxons*, and drove them quite out of the Field, killing between two and three Thousand upon the Spot, and had not the *Scots* interposed, they had been all cut to pieces.

The Scots reserv'd for Dangers, hither fly,
 Danger's *their Post by Nation*, taught to die,
 And wing'd with Rage, they * *ravish Victory*.

Not the unequal Squadrons, not the Day
 Half lost, not slaughter'd Saxons in the way;
 Not formidable Death, *that Jest of War*,
 In whatsoever Shapes she durst appear;
 Could their intrepid *steady Motion stay*,
 Nothing but slaughter'd Foes and Victory;
 † Surrounded, they with doubl'd Fury fight,
 And pleas'd with Danger, shine in † *naked white*;
 ‖ *Gustavus* saw, how Fury-like they fought,
 And *better Witness* never Soldiers fought;
 The mighty Hero smil'd, *with Wonder pleas'd*,
 And still they fought the more, the more he prais'd.

* The Scots being about twelve Battalions of Foot, joined with some Dragoons, made the second Line of the Swedish Army; and finding how Matters went with the Saxons on their Flank, they immediately wheel'd to the Left, and joining a Brigade of Foot of the Saxons, not yet broken, they fell in upon the pursuing Imperialists, and by their extraordinary Fury, turn'd the Fortune of the Day.

† The Imperial Dragoons being recalled from the Pursuit of the Saxons, and being superior in Number, surrounded the Scots, falling in upon their Flank, which making them desperate, they fought like mad Men, and made a terrible Slaughter of the Enemy.

‡ In the Fury of this Fight, the Scots threw off their Cloaths, and fought in their Shirts; the Novelty of which, struck a strange Terror into their Enemies, and convinced them, that despising all Danger, these were resolved to conquer.

‖ The King of Sweden hearing of the Distress the Scots were in, came in Person, with a Body of Horse and Dragoons, to their Relief, charg'd the Imperial Dragoons, who had engaged their Flank, and soon clear'd them of that Incumbrance. But seeing how bravely they fought, and that there was no Danger on that Side, he call'd out, Laughing, to Sir John Hepburn, ALLEGREMENT, which is as much as to say in English, *Bravely done Boys*; and went back to his own Forces, where he soon overthrew the Imperialists, and compleated the Victory.

They

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND* 35

They crown'd his Head with Laurels first, and he,
To their just Valour, * own'd his Victory.
From whence advancing with a just Applause,
The ruin'd *Protestants* abandon'd Cause;
Religion and the Country, they restore,
And grateful *Germany* commemorates the Hour,

In thirty Months continued fierce Campaign,
From *Leipsick* Plains, the *Neckar*, and the *Main*,
The *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Lech* they cross'd,
No Battle where they fought, was ever lost.
Never was such an Army, such a Head,
Such Men to follow, such a King to lead:
Such Countries travers'd, or such Battles won,
Such Conquests made, or † *Conquests* gain'd so soon.

Where shall we all their ancient Glories trace?
Let's hasten down to *Ramilles* a-pace;
But stop at *Phillipsburg*, and ask *Turenne*,
And read their ancient Trophies on the *Rhine*,
How they did there the *Gallick* Name advance,
And by their Blood gave Plumes to ‡ *growing France.*
France, that on foreign Valour rais'd their Throne,
By other Nations Swords, and not their own;

* Both the King of *Sweden*, and the Elector of *Saxony*, publicly complimented Sir *John Hepburn*, and the rest of the *Scots* Colonels, upon the Occasion; and owned the Victory to be very much owing to their extraordinary Behaviour.

† In two Years and three Quarters, they over-run two third Parts of the Empire, and were possessed of the whole Country from *Wolfenbuttle* in *Westphalia*, where Duke *Hamilton*, with another Body of *Scots* acted, to *Prague* in *Bohemia*: And had the King of *Sweden* out-lived the Battle of *Lutzen*, he had bid fair to have taken his Winter Quarters at *Vienna*.

‡ *To growing France.* The *Scots* Regiments under the Viscount de *Turenne*, and particularly *Douglas's* Regiment, consisting then of 4 or 5000 Men, were the Flower of his Infantry, and help'd to make *France* terrible; as at that time she was to all her Neighbours.

Strip'd of that Help, how easily they fall,
 And faint like *Jericbo*, without her Wall.
 Recall'd from hence, they * *William's* Sword obey,
 And beat the *French* at *Mons* for † *want of Pay*.
 Soon as the *Caledonian* Bands appear,
 Not ‡ *Luxemberg* himself disdain'd to fear;
 'Twas on their Valour he had rais'd his Fame,
 He knew they'd conquer *where'soe'er* they came.
 He'd seen them fight when great || *Turenne* lay dead,
 He'd seen them follow, where he * durst not lead;
 He'd seen them fight, when all the Army fled, }

* *William's Sword*. The Scots were recalled out of the *French* Service, by King *Charles II.* at the Instance of his Parliament; soon after the Marriage of the late King *William*, then Prince of *Orange*, with the Princess *Mary*, a little before the Peace of *Nimeguen*, and order'd to join the Prince of *Orange's* Army in *Flanders*.

† *Want of Pay*. When the Scots were recalled from the King of *France's* Service, they were very ill treated, carried to the remotest Parts of *France*, and there dismiss'd with but very little Money, ordered to travel but two or three together, the Country order'd not to trust them, and every where great Rewards offered them to Lift, on purpose to force them into their Service; by which means, very few of that great Body reach'd Home; but they that did, vow'd to be revenged of the *French*, if ever they came to Hands with them, which they well performed, at the Battle of *Mons*.

‡ *Luxemberg himself*. The Duke of *Luxemberg* commanding the *French* Army at *Mons*, placing some of his best Infantry at a Post where he expected the Prince, told some of his Officers, That if the Prince of *Orange* ventur'd to attack him there, he was sure it must be with the Scots Regiments; intimating, that they were the fittest Troops he had for so desperate a Work.

|| *Turenne lay dead*. When *Turenne* was kill'd, the Scots Brigade stood the Shock of the first Line of the *German* Army, with so much Resolution, that very much recover'd the *French* out of the Surprise they were under, for the Loss of their General.

* *Durst not lead!* 'Twas *Luxemberg's* Post that Day, to have been with the advanced Troops, amongst which the Scots were posted; but he thought fit to get himself employ'd elsewhere; which some said, was taken Notice of in the Army, as if he thought the Service too hot for him.

When

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 37

When wife * *De Lorge*, to shun his own Defeat,
Under their Valour shelter'd his Retreat.

Th' experienc'd Hero, grave in War and State,
In this as sober, as in that sedate.
Advis'd his Master, caution'd by his Fear,
To gain the *Scots*, or else *decline the War*.

Then view 'em under fifteen Years Recess,
Ranging thro' *Europe*, to avoid the Peace.
Battle and Death, they make their chief Delight,
And in all Nations, teach the World to fight.

Buda, the dreadfull'st Siege the World e'er saw,
What Heroes did the Fame of Danger draw?
† *Lefly*, th' old *Croatian Ban* appears,
And daring *Scots* led up the Volunteers.

What Actions pass'd, let only such relate,
Who know how Men resolv'd to conquer meet;
Never was Town with such strange Fury fill'd,
Such Deeds, *Victoria* seldom has beheld;
Such Storms, such Fury, Flesh and Blood ne'er bore,
Nor Town was ever so maintain'd before;
The desp'rate Garrison disdain to fear,
With their own slaughter'd Bones, the Breach repair ‡;

* *Wife De Lorge*, who took upon him the Command of the Army at the Death of *Turenne*, obtain'd great Reputation, by retreating the Army to an advantageous Post, while the extraordinary Bravery of the *Scots*, kept the whole *German* Army in play.

† *Lefly*. This was old *Lefly*, General of the *Imperial* Forces, and made *Ban* or Governor of *Croatia* by the Emperor; the same that burnt the Bridge of *Esseck*, and though near Eighty Years of Age, and tortur'd with the Gout, yet performed a great many desperate Services against the *Turks*, during that War, and some of them in the Depth of Winter.

‡ It is reported that they repaired the Breaches with dead Bodies, they not having Time or Opportunity to dispose better of them.

Contemning

Contemning Mercy, they like Furies fight,
And *just as fast* as Life declines, submit.

What Streams of Blood must in such Fights be lost?
What fatal Price must such a Conquest cost?
Life so bestow'd, is always *sold too dear*,
But, VALLIANT SCOTS, what Business had you here,
With noble Blood adorn'd, and blooming Years,
You *were not made* to storm like Musqueteers;
Scotland run too much venture *in your Blood*,
To have *your Worth* so little understood;
You had no *desperate Fortunes* there to raise
Your Name's enough, *you could not fight for Praise*:
Then why so lavish? Why so rashly brave?
To play away the Lives you ought to save.
Scotland has Sons indeed, but none to spare,
To furnish out the *Shows and Sports* of War;
You are her tenderest Part, which touch the *whole*,
And what lets out *your Blood*, *lets out her Soul*.

Pardon the * Satyr's interrupting here,
She owns, she hates this volunteering War,
When neither King, nor Country to retrieve,
The Injur'd help, or the Oppress'd relieve,
Neither to gain Dominion, or to save;
Men die for nothing but the Fame of Brave:
So † *Foster* hang'd himself with *deep Design*,
Only to see himself be buried *fine*.

* *Satyr's interrupting*. 'Tis hop'd, no Gentlemen in *Scotland*, will take this for a personal Satyr; but as I take Volunteering to be a Vice in War, as 'tis now practis'd, where Men fit to lead Armies, serve as private Centinels, or bear very trifling Commissions, the Author hopes he may be excus'd, in condemning the Practice, as an Injury to their native Country.

† *Foster hang'd himself*. A foolish Fellow in *England*, who often talk'd of hanging himself, that he might have a fine Funeral, and at last did it; but whether upon that Account, or no, is not very certain,

Hard

Hard Fate of Men, that only for a Name,
Will, in their own Destruction, seek their Fame.
That covet Dangers, and *ride Post* to die,
To live in Air, and WALK in Memory ;
Vain Fame, with high fermented Vapour hot,
To be *remember'd*, strives to be *forgot*.
Wrap'd in his Jest, the bubbl'd Hero dies,
Immortaliz'd in mortal Memories,
Fills up a Ballad, made too great in Rhime,
Is fabl'd into *Tale*, and dies again by *Time*.

And this for nothing, but to have it known,
He dy'd an ASS of very great Renown ;
A forward Coxcomb, who in haste to die,
Fought for he car'd not *who*, nor car'd not *why*.

One just Excuse indeed, some few may give,
That die, because they can't tell how to live :
These shall in Pity 'scape our Censure here.
So Cowards dare not *Live*, and hang themselves for
Fear.

He's truly Brave, that fights in just Defence
Of Virtue press, of injur'd Innocence,
Himself, the Laws, his Neighbour, or his Prince ;
Dares all the lawful Calls of Fate obey,
No Danger will decline, no trust betray ;
While he that heals his Tortures in the War,
Owns he's a Coward, and only fights for Fear :
As for the Sport of fighting, that's a Jest,
They talk of most, that understand it least.

* *Buda* reduc'd and Gallantry laid by,
Europe, the Sweets of short liv'd Peace enjoy ;
 Not the Recess of Arm can cool their Fire,
 Quench'd in the Act, they burn in the Desire ;
 Not *Capuan* Plenty, not luxuriant Ease,
 The Man of Action's first and worst Disease,
 Can taint their Temper, quench their Thirst of Fame,
 Or rust the polish'd Splendor of their Name.
Their Arms may tarnish, but the Soul's kept bright,
For spight of Practice, they by Nature fight ;
Born Soldiers, fitted from the Birth for Fame,
Bodies all Iron, and their Souls all Flame.

The War revives, *Bellona* sounds to Arms,
 The *Scots*, by Nature, ravish'd with her Charms,
 From their remotest Mountains hear the Sound,
 And Troops of *Héro's* spread *Hibernian* Ground ;
 With Native Fire, and Sense of Glory fill'd,
 And wing'd with Joy, they rush into the Field.

In every Action that deserv'd a Name,
 They shar'd the Hazard, others shar'd the Fame;
William, with Pleasure, often led 'em on,
 They gave, they guarded, and they lov'd his Crown;
 Smiling, he view'd the Wonders of their Hands,
Happy the Gen'ral, Troops like these commands ;
 The gladdened Monarch said,

When at *Namure*,

Ramsey fell on, and mock'd the *Gallick* Power,
 And emulating Nations wond'ring, first gave o're. }

• The late Lord *Lowat*, with some of his own Clan, and others, were present at this Siege, and acquitted themselves with so much Honour, that they received the Thanks of his late Majesty (before his Accession to the Crown) for their great Judgment and Intrepidity, which was also acknowledged by the rest of the Army.

At

Part II. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 41

At Derry, Limerick, Augbrim, or the Boyn,
Athlone, Namure, at Steenkirk, or Landen;
At all, their Heroes fought, at all they dy'd,
And latent *Virtue* wait of *Victory* supply'd.

William, that Men of Courage lov'd t' obey,
How mourn'd he *Douglass*, *Angus*, and *Mackay*?
Too great a Loss for one unhappy Day.
A Loss that yielded *France* the Victory;
A Loss that none but *Scotland* could supply;
None had such to survive, or such to dye.

Should we to recent Memory apply,
And trace the *Scots* in modern History:
The present rising Glory of their Name,
Comes up to all that's ancient in their Fame.
At *Schellemburg*, how could they choose but fight?
New Vigour swell'd their Nation at the Sight;
The very Spot where * *Hepburn* storm'd before,
And conquering *Scots*, *Imperial* Standards tore.
Where *Ramsay*, *Murray*, *Rhea*, and *Hamilton*,
Like *Lyons* fought, the *Swedes* amaz'd look'd on,
And saw th' impregnable Intrenchments won.

And now the *Scots* in Valour still the same,
Worthy the Race, and equal in their Fame;
With the same Fury, gain the same Applause,
The same the *Courage*, and the same the *Cause*:

* *Hepburn* storm'd before. The *Scots* in the King of *Sweden*'s Army, beat *John de Werth*, the *Bavarian* General, out of his Intrenchments at *Schellemburg*, where they had posted themselves. Here *Ramsay*, and *Rhea*, two Colonels of the *Scots*, according to the usual and particular Bravery of these two ancient Families, entered the Intrenchments Sword in Hand, with a very great Slaughter of the Enemy.

The same the Circumstance, the same Success,
That great * *Gustavus* saw, great *Marlbro'* This.

Let future Poets *Blenheim's* Trophies sing,
And *Ramilles* to chime, with *Leipsick* bring;
There *Orkney*, *Campbell*, *Hamilton* and *Hay*,
Shall match the Hero's, and shall match the Day.
† Their late great Feat at *Berg-op-Zoom* perform'd,
Will to their great and lasting *Fame* redound;
Their *brave* Defence against the enter'd *Foe*,
Gave time for all to fly, *they only stood the Blow*.
To Times last Period, hand their Nation's *Fame*,
And ev'ry Ages *Glory*, shall the next enflame.

* *Gustavus* saw. The *Bavarians* complemented *Gustavus Adolphus*, on the taking the Intrenchments at *Schellembergh*, as a thing they thought impracticable; and the People of *Danawert* say, it has been thirteen times attack'd, and never was taken till then; which I take to be an equal Honour to the *Scotts* Troops under the Duke of *Marlborough*, as to their Ancestors under the King of *Sweden*; these having as great share in the Attack under the Command of Lord *Orkney*, as the other had under Colonel *Hepburn*.

† September the 5th, 1747, the *French* surprized and entered *Bergen op-Zoom*, unperceived, till they came to the Market-place; all the Garrison made a precipitate Retreat, except the *Highland* Regiment, who bravely defended themselves till the Retreat of the whole was intirely effected, and then they retreated in good Order, but not without a very great Loss.



CALEDONIA:

P A R T III.



THEIR Foreign Deeds are trac'd, and now
we come,
To search the Fund of *Fame* that's left
at *Home* ;
A thousand * *Kings*, the mighty Land possess.
In *Merit* greater, tho' in *Title* less.

* *Kings*. Alluding here to the ancient Figure, in which the Isle of *Britain* is generally supposed to be, when every Nobleman was a Sovereign upon his own Estate, some Marks of which Sovereignty, within few Years past, were very visible in several of the noble Families of *Scotland*, particularly in the Family of *Douglas*, who pursued, fought, took Prisoner of War, Sir *William Hairis*, of *Ferriglis*, for having withdrawn himself from his Vassalage, or Dependance, and esteeming him as his own Servant, taken in Arms where his Jurisdiction or Regality extended, upon his own Authority, put him to Death. *Godscroft's History of the House of Douglas*, page 187. The same Earl of *Douglas* executed Justice upon *Mackletane*, Tutor of *Bumbee*, Chief of his Name, and one of the principal Houses in *Galloway*, for murdering one of his Servants ; King *James* himself interceded for him in vain.

Kings in *Command*, and in superior Race,
 And Virtue ripens such for Crowns a-pace.
 Nobility of Blood, their Actions suit,
 And Action here *indents* the Attribute;
 Here Families in Lines of *Virtue* run,
 The Father's Merit *doubling* in the Son.
 The growing Honour forms a just Encrease,
 First crowns in War, and then rewards in Peace.

Illustrious Blood, with more illustrious Hand,
 In *proper Channels* has been here retain'd;
 Th' Antiquity, which other Nations boast,
 Would here *turn Modern*, and in Age be lost.
Scotland in Senior Glory will contend,
 When lame Chronology *with Age* grows blind.
 Here mighty Ancestors preserve their Stile,
 From *long Prescription*, ancient as the Isle.

Not rais'd on Party Favour, Bribes and Fear,
Blood, Tyranny, Oppression, Theft and War;
 Not rais'd by *Strength OF FACE*, or Strength of
Purse,
 A Stock of *Money*, or a *Stock that's worse;*
 But from *the Youth of Time*, their Names remain,
 When Virtue only could that Fame obtain.
 Back, *further back*, than Story can relate,
 When *Infant Nations* fix'd their Forms of State.

When Tricks of *State*, and *Court* Intrigue un-
 known,
 No *Mighty Knave*, could *Brother Villain* crown.
 From Blood to Blood their Violence pursue,
 First *steal their Honour*, then proclaim 'em due.
 By *Fraud* and strong *Oppressions*, Crowns obtain,
 While those support the *Frauds*, and these the *Reign;*
 Alternate

Part III. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 45

Alternate *Violences* Fame supply,
The *modern Fund* of mean Nobility.

If there be any thing in Birth and Blood,
Or were Antiquity *but understood* ;
If the *old Trophies* of our Father's Fame,
When Thoughts of Virtue burn, *would fan the Flame*;
Make us their Steps of Dignity pursue,
And *ancient Honours* would excite to new.
If any true Nobility remains,
And Virtue could by Blood possess the Veins.
Then let's no farther search the World in vain,
To ancient *Rome*, and lost Records of *Spain* ;
Nations in barb'rous *Hydra-mixtures* rais'd,
And only by their own *too partial* Flatt'ries prais'd.
Fabii, *Cornelli*, and the *Bruti* yield
To *Caledonian* Tribes, the *ancient Field*.
Cummin, *Duff*, *Donald*, *Strathern*, *Hay*, and *Keith*,
And Names would run Fame's Trumpet out of Breath.
Their old armorial Honours still retain,
While *Rome* in modern Lines contend in vain.

Nor has the Country lent her partial Fame,
And from her later Towns bestow'd the Name ;
Not Towns *the Names*, but Names the Towns
command,
And Families take Titles from the Land :
So *Douglass*, *Marr*, and *Southerland* survive,
And not from Towns, but *Provinces* derive.
Kingdoms of old, who tho' the Claim's laid down,
Yet in *th' Antiquity* they keep the Crown.
The Blood of Princes in their Race we see,
And modern Merit joyns to old Nobility.

Blest are the Families that great in Blood,
Have *thus* their truest Honour understood ;

That

That on the Base of *Virtue* built their Fame,
And join it to *that lesser Praise* their Name,
The only just and truly great Design ;
For Virtue helps Nobility to shine.

Then who shall search the long forgotten Roll,
Examine all the Parts, or *Sum* the Whole ?
Who shall the Impotence of Art supply,
Beyond the Reach of Books or Heraldry ?
* *There Gordon, Lindsay, Crawford, Marr, and Wem'ss,*
With Seaton, Ramsey, Cuninghame and Gra'ams,
Forbes, Ross, Murray, Bruce, Dunbar and Hume,
And Names for whom no Poet can make Room ;
Remote in Birth, in Names and Honours known,
The *Caledonian* Glory through the World have shown.

Where shall the *Galick Trophies* now appear ?
The Ancient *Belgæ* would look modern here.
Not *Momerancy*, not the great *Nassau*,
Could Ancestors like these, directly draw.

Douglass with Native Dignities adorn'd,
Ancient beyond Record,

Records they scorn'd.

The World's the general Record of their House,
When Histories are silent and Abstruse.
The Fund of Families is in their Blood,
And the † *Fam'd Scoti* on their Shoulders stood ;

* 'Tis hop'd the Gentlemen whose Names are included in these Lines, will not find Fault with the Author for not observing Precedency either in Dignity or Antiquity, the Necessity of Rhime, Measure and Cadence being his just Excuse, and which he desires them to accept in that Particular.

† *Fam'd Scoti.* The Author of the History of the House of *Douglass*, tells us, That *William Douglass*, Grand-child to *Sbolto Douglass*, was the Father of the Noble Family of the *Scoti* at *Placenza*, in *Italy*. *Fol. 5.* And some say, that by a Marriage between a Branch of the said Family of *Scoti*, and some of the Ancient Line of the House of *Scotland*, was the Original of the Family of *Marr-e-Scoti*, a great and flourishing Family in *Italy* to this Day.

A Race

Part III. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 47

A Race of Princes from their fruitful Stem,
Has been a living History to them.
Their Fame that's *past*, foretold their Fame to *come*,
They're Dukes abroad, before they're Duke's at home.
The Nation's willing Honours did afford,
And these cut out their Glory by the Sword;
For 'twas the early Fortunes of their Blood,
To have their Worth, both Crown'd *and understood*;
Princes by their strong Swords possess their Crowns,
And famed *France* their Antient Glory owns :

When Men are of true Merit first possess,
Justice *prevails*, the World *supplies the rest*.
For Characters, *will always* suit Mens Deeds,
Honours will *follow*, when our Virtue leads.

The mighty Branch that now supports the Race,
Ripens the blooming Stock for Fame apace,
With high instructing well directed Hand,
Shews him both how *to obey*, and how *command*;
By Just Example guides him to pursue,
And double all their *Ancient* Deeds with *New*.

Campbells, the modern Glory of this Isle,
Their doubling Fame's increas'd in Great *Argyll*;
Born to be Great, to Noblest Blood ally'd,
He keeps the Honour, and abates the Pride;
For Action fitted, to the Wars inclin'd,
True *Caledonian Courage* swells his Mind;
Fitted his Country's Character to raise,
And by great Actions hand along her Praise.
Of antient Stock, and *long forgotten* Race,
Nature has stamp'd their Glories in his Face.
The strong Impress of ev'ry manly Line
In Characters of Native Honour shine,
An Index of the brighter Soul within.

}
} A Race

A Race to *Caledonia* always dear,
 And on whose Blood her Liberties appear.
 A Race to Honour, and their Country true,
 They furnish'd Funds of *Old*, he heaps up Stores of *New*.

Nor shall *weak Prejudice* debauch our Pen,
 To flatter prosp'rous Fate, and gild the Crimes of
 Men ;
 But undistinguish'd Virtue we'll rehearse,
 For *partial* Praises are below our Verse.

Curst be that *Party-spleen* that shuts Men's Eyes,
 From the just Merits of their Enemies ;
 That *prepossess'd* by *Feud*, denies *Applause*,
 And dares not praise *the Man*, without the *Cause*.
 Where *Honour* claims it, *Honour will be just*,
 And where Mens *Actions* praise 'em, *all Men must*.

Gordon's by Family and Fortunes great,
 Tho' lost in Solitude and long Retreat,
 Rises in Honour, as they 're great in Mind,
 Brave as the *Roman*, as the *Christian* kind,
 A Gen'rous Enemy, a Faithful Friend.

The *Hamiltons* of old ally'd to Fame,
 Illustrious in Blood, and *more in Name* ;
 In ancient Wars e're other Lines begun,
 These had a Length of tow'ring *Fortunes run*.
 Titles from * *France* ; from *Sweden* Wounds and Scars,
 And batter'd Bones they bring from *Belgick* Wars ;
 Yet fraught with Honour, and Rewards of Fame,
 Honour revives, and Years increase the Flame.

* *Titles from France*. The Ancestors of this Noble Family obtained the Title of Duke of *Chateau Renault* in *France* ; and by which Title they were known in *Scotland*, at the time of the Reformation.

Part III. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 49

Eight Noble Branches hand their Glory down,
Channels of Blood from *Caledonia's* Crown,
Each have *large shares* of Merit of their own.
Each in their proper Lines their Houses raise,
By *Pers'nal* and *Hereditary* Praise.

What Debt of Praise are to the *Leslie's* due?
Who shall their Family or Fame pursue?
The bloody Steps no single Line can trace,
Nor Envy *fetch'd from Hell*, their History deface.
Born Gen'als, all by Nature fram'd for War,
In ev'ry *Battle's Front* their Names appear;
The *Swede*, the *Rufs*, and the *Hungarians* yield,
To them the willing Tribute of the Field;
From *Esseck Bridge* to mighty *Astracan*,
Their Terrors with the Barb'rous Crowds remain.
Grafted on this Old Stock, and to their Fame,
Leven adds Modern Glory to the Antient Name;
Scotland depends on his experienc'd Hand,
Safe, *Not in Armies*, but in his Command.
HE young in Years, yet very old in Arms,
Guards her *from Foreign*, or *Domestick Harms*;
His faithful Aids new vig'rous Life afford,
And boldly draws his *just defending* Sword.

Stuart antient as the Hills from which they sprung,
The Mountains still do to the Name belong;
From hence they branch to ev'ry high Degree:
Now *Foreign Courts* embrace the Progeny.

The rising Stem with thirst of Glory fir'd,
Not he to th' Crown, the Crown to him aspir'd;
His high attracting Fame the Nation drew,
They gave old Crowns, and Fate supply'd the new.

Thy Scepter, *Caledonia*, in their Hand,
First rais'd the real Glory of the Land;

on 1

G

And

And seven successive Branches held the Crown,
Till *Britain veil'd*, and made the *Stuarts* her own.

What Blood, what Wars, what strong convulsive
Throws,

Britannia fill'd with inbred Vapour *knows*?

How oft the intervening Hand of Blood;

Has their successive Happiness withstood?

Spread the dark Veil, let's hide the dismal Scene

Let others paint the horrid Draught, our Pen

Shall show the bright, and with the rest unseen.

A Galaxy of Worthies now appear,

And spread the *Caledonian* Hemisphere;

ROXBURGH enjoys the Curse of all Mens Praise,

And *TWEEDALE* adds true Lustre to the ancient

HAYS.

Grave and sedate he 'ttends his Sovereign's Throne,

Maintain'd *its Honour*, and increas'd *his own*.

Montrose revives the ancient Race of *Gra'me*,

From Time and Injury *retrives the Name*,

Lays all *his Family Oppressions* by,

And in his Country's Good, lets just Resentment dye;

In *Scotland's* Secret Council he presides,

With early Prudence every Action guides;

Sober, *not dull*, Pious, and *not precise*,

Grave, *without Age*, without Experience *wise*;

More *thinking*, more *sedate* than he appears,

In Understanding older, *than in Years*.

Glasgow adorns the Ancient Name of *BOYLE*,

The Name's a constant Honour to the Isle;

A Name *Britannia* always boasts to hear,

For Learning, Wisdom, Wealth and Character

Increas'd in *England*, and increasing here.

The

The God of Musick joyns when *COLVIL* plays,
And all the Muses dance to *HADDINGTONS* Essays;
The Charms are mutual, piercing and compleat,
This in his Art excells, and That in Wit.

Leslie, and *Ker*, and *Argyll* guide the State,
By Birth and Place, *still more by Merit great*.
No Malice can their Characters conceal,
But *Those* direct the Sceptre, *This* the Seal.
The well instructed Pilots of the Realm
Who while just Law prevails *assist the Helm*:
With *waking Cares* they all surround the Throne,
Support the *well known Burthens* of the Crown;
Th' important Drudgery *with Pleasure* do,
Their Country's Safety, *not their own* pursue.
Thro' Storms of Tumult and Distraction steer,
Not rais'd with Hope, and not suppress'd with Fear;
With calm, *but steady Hand*, the Factions guide
At once they yield to, *and resist* the Tide:
Wisely they calm the Feuds *weak Heads* create,
And heal the wild Distempers of the State;
To every tender Part their Hands apply,
And to the Mischiefs suit the Remedy;
True Patriot Principles their Minds possess,
Their Country Them, and They their Country bless.
But their just Zeal to *GEORGE's* Immortal Throne,
Makes every Noble Character *their own*.

Nothing a Prince's Wisdom more displays,
Than choice of Counsellors;
The double Praise,
Is always first the Monarchs, then their own,
First it illustrates, then supports the Throne.

But we'll no more pursue the mighty Train,
Whom to describe, our Verse attempts in vain;

The Muses veil before th' illustrious Throng,
 Too bright for Verse, too num'rous for our Song;
 Our Ancestors had merited in vain,
 If our new Steps did not their old maintain:
 But as our Modern Virtue stands as high,
 The present Worthies do the past supply;
 A certain Pledge, our Name shall never dye.

And now with just Regard let's view *the Fair*,
 Beauty can make no Breach of Union here?
 Th' Equalities agree on either hand,
 The Ladies *no Equivalent* demand;
 Nor will their Virtue be exhausted here,
 But still the Sex their just Proportions bear:
 Blest Mixture, equally Devout and Gay,
 For Virtue only can both smile and pray.

No Scale of calculated Right will lie
 Betwixt the Quantity and Quality;
 England indeed the larger Roll may claim,
 And *English* Beauty will preserve her Name;
 But *these the Merit equally divide*,
 Have all their Beauty, only want their Pride.

And now to Wonders turn your list'ning Ear,
 Visit the Commonwealth of *Learning* here;
 See how *Apollo's* Nurs'ry thrives, and how
Wit blooms in spite of Climate, Storms and Snow;
 The Muses all laborious and severe,
 Are *Gard'ners bred*, and work like *Horses here*;
 There Seeds of *Science* carefully they sow,
 Here cultivate the Soil, to make 'em grow;
 Plant, Prune, Inoculate, the Seasons tend,
 And ev'ry fruitful Scyon to its Stock they bend.

See here, how ev'ry Plant in order thrives,
 And spite of Clime, the tend'rest Blossom lives;
 Here

Part III. *A Poem in Honour of SCOTLAND.* 53

Here *Epicks*, thick as *Groves of Laurel* grow,
And strong *Heroicks*, plac'd in Walks below;
Lyricks and *Pastorals*, in even Lays,
And *Panegyricks* circled round with Bays;

There Knowledge grows, for Quantity and Kind,
The best, and best prepar'd t' instruct the Mind;
Temper'd with Modesty, 'tis set by * Zeal,
Fitted her rash Infections to repel.

Next this in constant Bloom's a Range of Wit,
And ev'ry Day 'tis weeded of Conceit,
Kept thin, intrench'd, and never runs to Seed,
But ripens gently in its Flowry Bed;
For Wit's a Plant so apt to grow in haste,
It shakes the Root, and then decays as fast.

Strong Sciences in pleasing Order stand,
With Borders of Philosophy on either hand.
These well reward the Lab'ers constant Toil,
Are nourish'd by, and yet improve the Soil.

But above all the Wonders of the Spot,
A simple, Men of Learning oft forgot,
In a small *Border* very cold and dry,
Here thrives that *tender Trifle*, HONESTY;
Neglected Weed! From what strange Climate brought,
How seldom found, *indeed*, how seldom sought?
How do the easy World appear content
With Spurious Kinds,

How very often vent
The False for True, and give their Sense the Lye,
And make their Int'rest pass for Honesty?

* *Set by Zeal.* Alluding to the Custom of planting Rue and Sage together, which, whether it be a vulgar Error, or no, is, That the Rue is supposed to be effectual to keep Toads, and venomous Creatures from the Sage.

Another

Another Plant, *but ah!* how faint it grows!
 Not that 'tis hurt by *Climate, Frost, and Snows*;
 But, as if Nature suffer'd strong Decay,
 It withers every where, and dies away.
 FRIENDSHIP!

The nicest Plant that ever grew,
 Talk'd of *by many*, understood *by few*.
 It's only Help is Honesty, and where
 That thrives, it gets some Strength; but's very *rare*;
 By Weeds of Self, and Jealousies *o're-run*,
 'Tis choak'd for want of *Air*, and shaded from the *Sun*.

But who shall now the *thriving Plants* describe, }
 The *Ever-greens*, that quick'ning Juice imbibe; }
 And furnish new Recruits to *Levi's Tribe*? }
 Sons of the Prophets at *Gamaliel's Feet*,
 Who *extract* Learning, then refin't to Wit,
 By the laborious *Lymbeck* of the Brain,
 Condense the Spirit, and let the Humid Parts remain.

No loytring *Sing-song Muses* trifle here,
 Weaving THIN FANCY into Webs of Air;
 But here they Wed the Sciences for Wives,
 And beat *like Hemp* at *Bridewell*, for their Lives:
 Th' Enquirers here to *Ida's Top* aspire,
Parnassus coolest Springs, can only quench their Fire.
 To Learning's highest Pinacles attain,
 By strong assiduous *Travel of the Brain*,
Ravish the Muses in their Deeps delight,
 And *Learn* with the same *Fury as they Fight*;
 To curious Search, to Things, and Books so prest,
 The Ancients or the Moderns find no rest,
 Till Universal Knowledge fills the Mind,
 And all the Soul's from Dross, and Ignorance refin'd.

Hence they to ev'ry strong Attainment reach,
 And what they learn so well, *as well* they teach;

In

Part III. *A Poem in Honour of Scotland.* 55

In ev'ry Art, in ev'ry Science grow,
Not proud of *knowing*, but are proud to *know*.
Push to a Vice, *the Lust* of doing well,
And in whate'er they practise, they excel.

Clerk, Marray, and Hume's here adorn the Law,
With steady Justice,

Neither drive nor draw;
But with the *Head inform'd*, and *Hand upright*,
Give every Cause its own Impartial Weight.

In every Branch of Learning, here they rise,
Nothing *too high* they fear, *too low* despise;
In every Science, every just *Extream*,
Men of Perfection may be found with them.

The Laws in *Mists and Darknes*, they make clear,
And Physic thrives in spite of wholesome Air;
Pharmacopæia, void of Simples, lives,
And Surgery in *barren Practice* thrives;
Philosophy meer simple Knowledge vents,
Rather by *Nature*, than *Experiments*.
Musick, in spite of *Discord*, charms the Ear,
And *Jarring Parties*, break no Consort here.

Thus Blest with Art, Enrich'd with Heads and
Hands,
Producing Seas, and *more productive* Lands;
The Climate sound, the People prompt and strong,
Why is her Right with-held from her so long?
Why with such Patience, and so long-endure,
Distempers Prudence could *so quickly cure?*
Why still on *Nature's* common Bounty live?
And why *so soon content* with what She'll give?
For where Contentment makes Endeavour less,
'Tis then a *Vice*, and not a *Happiness*.

So

So the * fam'd Sluggard starv'd, and Reason good,
For want of *Feeding*, not for want of *Food*.

Bear the Reproof, the fruitful Climate's known,
Not Heaven or Nature blame, *the Fault's your own*;
The Earth adapt to bear, the Air, the Sea,
All fruitful, all to Plenty show the way;
No Barrenness, but in your Industry.

'Tis Blasphemy to say the Climate's curst,
Nature will ne'er be fruitful *till she's forc'd*;
'Twas made her Duty from her first Decay,
The *sweating Brow* alone, and *labouring Hand* t' obey,
And these she never *does*, nor *dares* deny.

And yet this Sloth is not their proper Crime,
'Tis due to Poverty, *and that* to Time.
Hail SLOTH and POVERTY, from *Stygian Air*,
Ushers to *Death*, and Handmaids to *Despair*.

Strange Birth, the meer Perfection of a Curse,
That find Men mis'able, and make them worse;
Of ill connected *self-ingendring* Birth,
First circulate themselves, and then the Earth;
Infernal Harmony of Causes make,
And in *true Circles* of Distress they walk;
Vile Sloth and Poverty, of *Spurious Breed*,
Neither from *Heaven* or *Earth*, but of *themselves*
proceed;
Begot in Life, by long degenerate Time,
'Twixt *Stagnate Virtue*, and *Impregnate Crime*.

'Twin *Monsters*, neither Seed nor Off-spring
know,
But concreate, by *meer Succession* flow.

* *Prov.* The Sluggard would not pull his Hand out of his
Bosom, to put it to his Mouth.

No